

proof, he shall be fined 100 lbs. of tobacco, half to the informer, and half to the poor of the parish.

1670.—None but freeholders and housekeepers shall have any voice in the election of Burgesses—every county not sending two Burgesses to every session of the Assembly, shall be fined 10,000 lbs. of tobacco, to the use of the public.

1676.—The allowance of every Burgess for the future, shall be 120 lbs. of tobacco and cask, per day; to commence two days before every Assembly, and continue two days after. And for their travelling charges, there shall be allowed to those that come by land, 10 lbs. of tobacco per day for every horse so used. And for water passage, they shall be allowed proportionably.

1679.—The first offence of hog stealing, shall be punished according to the former law; upon a second conviction, the offender shall stand two hours in the pillory, and lose his ears; and for the third offence, he shall be tried by the laws of England, as in case of felony.

1680.—No licensed attorney shall demand or receive, for bringing any cause to judgment in the general court, more than 500 lbs. of tobacco and cask; and in the county court, 150 lbs. of tobacco and cask; which fees are allowed him without any pre-agreement.

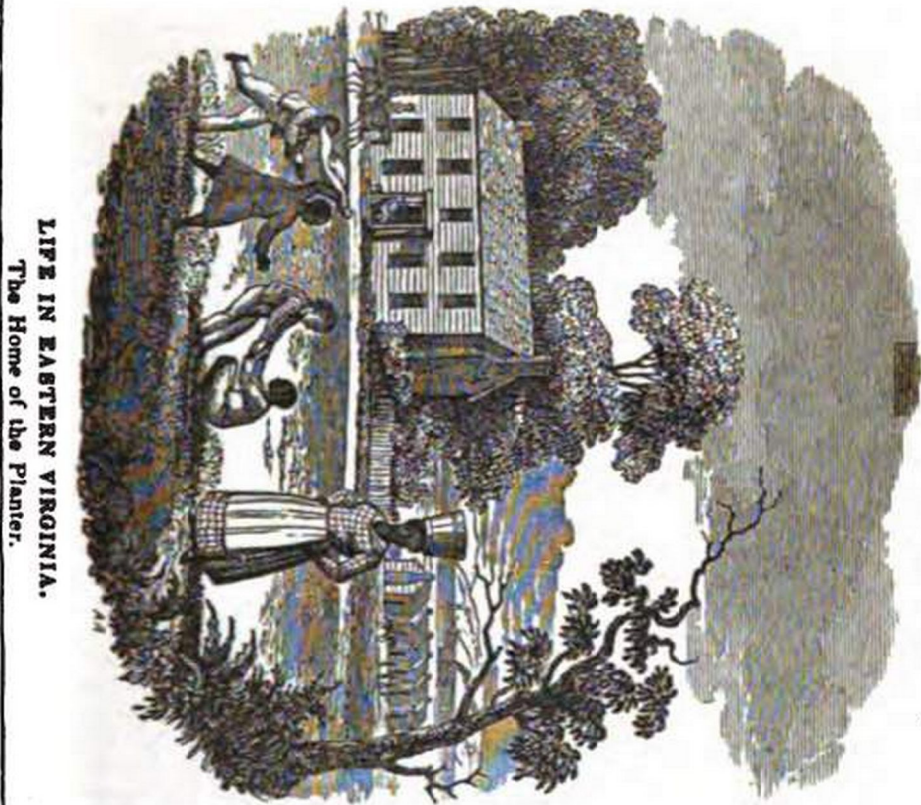
If any attorney shall refuse to plead any cause in the respective courts aforesaid, for the aforesaid fees, he shall forfeit as much as his fees should have been.

### LIFE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

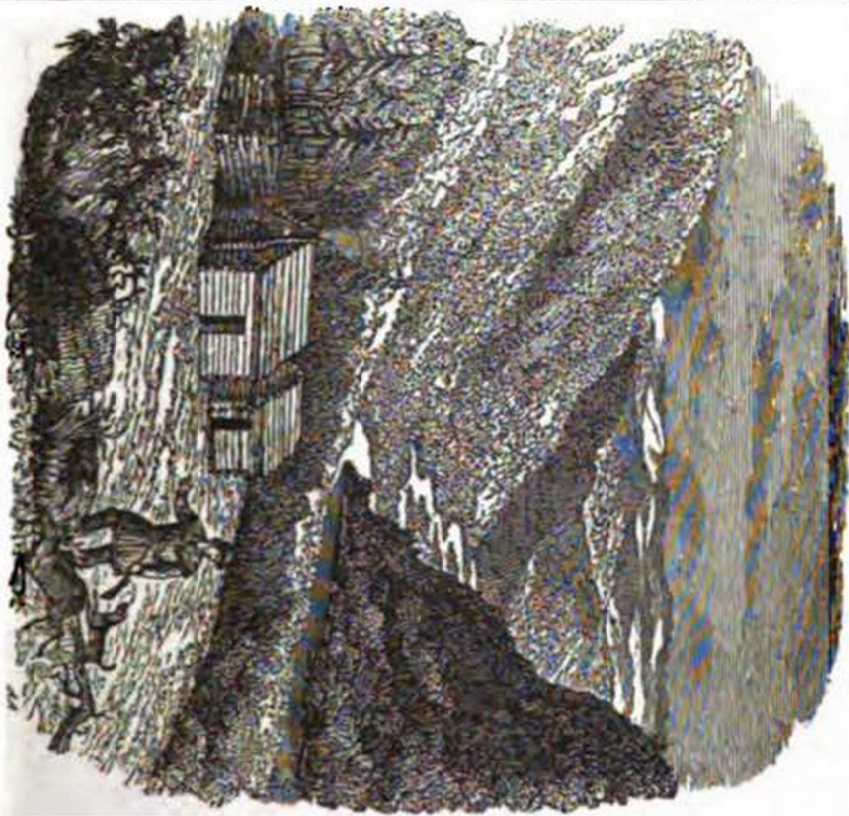
Much of Western Virginia is yet a new country, and thinly settled; and in some of the more remote and inaccessible counties, the manner of living and the habits of the people are quite primitive. Many of these mountain counties are so far from markets, that it is a common saying among the inhabitants that they can only sell those things which will "walk away"—meaning cattle, horses, swine, &c. Of the latter, immense droves are sent to the east annually from this country, and Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio. The feeding of the swine, as they pass through the country in the autumn of each year, supplies a market for much of the corn which is produced. Aside from this, there is but little inducement for each one to raise more grain than his own family will consume; and consequently, there is but little room for enterprise on the part of the agriculturist. His products, when they sell at all, bring but a trivial sum. For instance, corn, the chief product, brings but from 17 to 25 cents per bushel; oats, 12 1-2 cts. do.; pork, beef, and venison, \$2 to \$2 50 neat per 100 lbs.; and other things in proportion. This pay, too, is frequently in store-goods, on which the merchant, owing to his small amount of custom, charges heavy profits. For foreign luxuries, the agriculturist pays the highest prices,—the expense of transportation from the north—where they are usually purchased by the merchant—to the wild parts of Western Virginia, being 3 or 4 cents per pound: so for bulky articles, as sugar, coffee, &c., the consumer is obliged to pay several cents a pound more than an inhabitant of the older portions of the state. He, however, graduates his wants to his means; and although he may not have the fine house, equipage, dress, &c., of the wealthy planter, yet he leads a manly life, and breathes the pure air of the hills with the contented spirit of a freeman. Living

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,  
His sober wishes never learn to stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,  
He keeps the noiseless tenor of his way."

The inhabitants of the mountain counties are almost perfectly independent. Many a young man with but a few worldly goods, marries, and, with an axe on one shoulder and a rifle on the other, goes into the recesses of the mountains, where land can be had for almost nothing. In a few days he has a log-house and a small clearing. Visit him some fine day thirty years afterwards, and you will find he has eight or ten children—the usual number here—a hardy, healthy set; forty or fifty acres cleared, mostly cultivated in corn; a rude square log bin, built in cob-house fashion, and filled with corn in *the cob*, stands beside his cabin; near it is a similar structure, in which is a horse; and scattered about are half a dozen hay-ricks; an immense drove of hogs, and some cattle, are roaming at large in the adjoining forest. And if it is what is called "*mast year*"—that is, if the forests abound in nuts, acorns, &c.—these animals will be found to be very fat, and display evidence of good living.



**LIFE IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.**  
The Home of the Planter.



**LIFE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.**  
The Home of the Mountaineer.



Enter the dwelling. The lady of the house, and all her children, are attired in homespun. Her dress is large, of convenient form, and entirely free from the fashionable lacing universal elsewhere. It is confined together with buttons, instead of hooks and eyes. She looks strong and healthy—so do her daughters—and as rosy and blooming as “flowers by the way-side.” Her sons, too, are a sturdy-looking set, who soon (if not now) will be enabled to fell a tree or shoot a deer with facility. The house and furniture are exceedingly plain and simple, and, with the exception of what belongs to the cupboard, principally manufactured in the neighborhood. The husband is absent, hunting. At certain seasons of the year, what time he can spare from his little farm he passes in the excitement of the chase, and sells the skins of his game.

Soon he enters with a buck or bear he has shot, (for he is a skilful marksman,) or perhaps some other game. He is fifty years of age, yet in his prime—a stout, athletic man; his countenance is bronzed by exposure, and his frame seems almost of iron; he is robed in a hunting-shirt of picturesque form, made, too, of homespun, and ornamented with variegated fringe; and a pair of moccasins are on his feet. He receives you with a blunt, honest welcome, and as he gives you his hand, his heart goes with it; for he looks upon you as a friend; he has passed his life among the mountains, in the midst of a simple-hearted people, who have but little practical knowledge of the deceit which those living in densely-populated communities, among the competitive avocations of society, are tempted to practice. His wife prepares dinner. A neat white cloth is spread, and soon the table is covered with good things. On it is a plate of hot corn-bread, preserves of various kinds, bacon, venison, and more than probable three varieties of meat. Your host may ask a blessing—thanks to the itinerating system of the Methodists, which has even reached this remote spot—his wife pours you out a “dish of coffee,” the great luxury of the country, and frequently used at every meal: it is thickened with cream—not milk—and sweetened with sugar from the maple grove just front of the house. The host bids you help yourself, and, if not squeamish, you “go into it,” and enjoy that plain, substantial meal better than you ever did a dinner at Astor’s.

Now mount your nag and be off! As you descend the mountain-path faintly discerned before you, and breathe the pure, fresh air of the hills, cast your eyes upon the most impressive of scenes, for Nature is there in all her glory. Far down in the valley, to the right, winds a lovely stream; there hid by the foliage overarching its bright waters—anon it appears in a clearing—again, concealed by a sweep of the mountain you are descending—still beyond, it seems diminished to a silvery thread. To the right and front is a huge mountain, in luxuriant verdure, at places curving far into the plain,—and at those points, and at the summits, bathed in a sea of golden light,—at others, receding, thrown into dark, sombre, forbidding shades. Beyond are mountains piled on mountains, like an uptossed sea of ridges, until they melt away in distance, and imagination fancies others still farther on. High in blue ether float yon clouds of snowy white, and far above them, in majestic flight, sails the bird of the mountain, with an air as wild, as free, as the spirit of liberty. How every thing is rejoicing all around! Innumerable songsters are warbling sweetest music; those wild flowers, with scarce the morning dew from off their lips, are opening their bright cheeks to the sun; and even the tiny insects flitting through the air, join in the universal hallelujah! Now fast losing the scene, you are entering the dark, solemn forest, densely matted above with vines, almost excluding the light of day. You are soon at the base of the mountains, and from the copse before you out starts a deer! the graceful animal pricks up its ears, distends its nostrils in fear, and, gathering its slender limbs ready for a spring, then bounds away, over hillocks and through ravines, and is seen no more. The stream, broad and shallow, is wending its way across your road with gentle murmurings,—splash! splash! goes your horse’s feet into the water; forty times in ten miles does it cross your road, and in various places for many hundred yards your course is directly through it. There are no bridges upon it: there are comparatively few in Western Virginia.

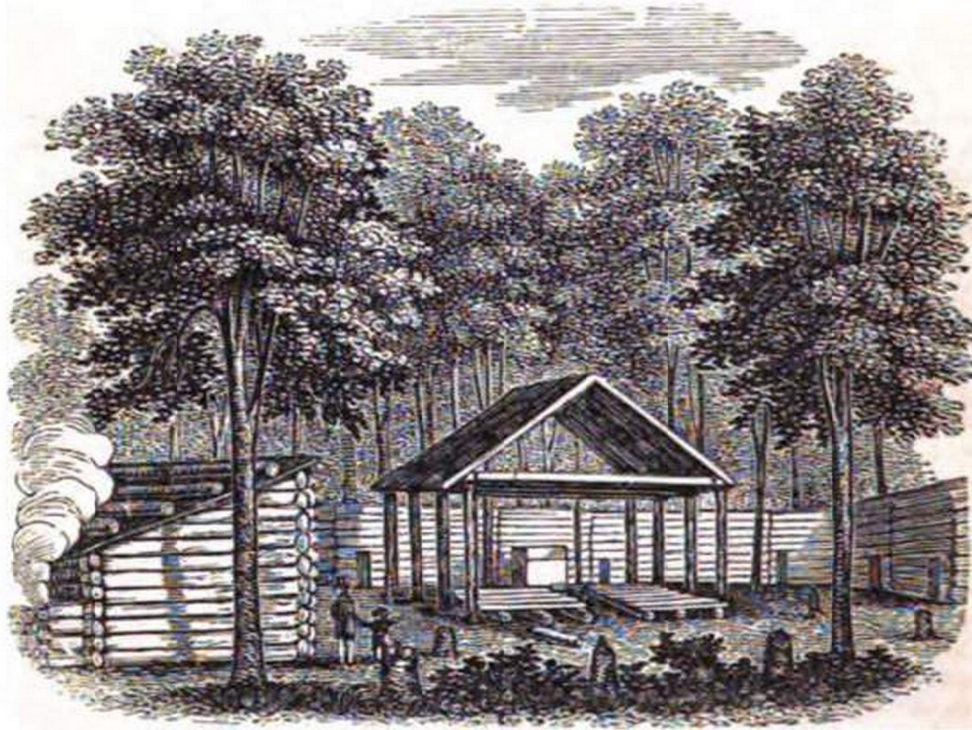
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The above picture of a mountaineer, with a sketch of the wild and romantic scenery among which he lives, is a common, though not a universal one; but between him and the wealthy inhabitant of a large village, who lives in the enjoyment of every blessing, are all grades. Many cannot read or write, and many that can, know nothing of geography and other branches. The country is too thinly settled to carry out a system of common schools, although the state makes liberal appropriations for that purpose. The mountaineer who lives not within half a day’s travel of a school-house, cannot afford, like the wealthy lowland planter, to hire a private instructor, and pay him a heavy salary.



Among these mountain fastnesses is much latent talent, which requires only an opportunity for its development. Many of the people are of Scotch-Irish descent, and possess the bravery and other noble traits of their ancestry. Almost entirely isolated from the world, fashion, with her iron sway, has not stereotyped manners, modes of thought, and expression; and, therefore, an amusing originality and ingenuity in metaphor is frequently displayed. The educated of this mountain region are often men of high intelligence, fine address, and are possessed of all that which gives zest to social intercourse.

To further illustrate the subject we are upon, the manners and customs of the mountaineers, we will introduce an article—already elsewhere published by us—giving our adventures in one of the wildest counties in the state:



*A Religious Encampment in a Forest.*

Towards the close of an autumnal day, while travelling through this thinly-settled region, I came up with a substantial looking farmer, leaning on a fence by the road-side. I accompanied him to his house to spend the night. It stood in a field, a quarter of a mile from the road, and was one of the better sort of log-dwellings, inasmuch as it had two stories and two or three small windows. In its rear was a small log structure, about fifteen feet-square, the weaving-shop of the family. On entering the house, I found a numerous family, all clothed in substantial garments of their own manufacture. The floor was unadorned by a carpet, and the room devoid of superfluous furniture; yet all that necessity required to make them comfortable. One needs but little experience like this to discover how few are our real wants, how easily most luxuries of dress, equipage, and furniture can be dispensed with. After my arrival, two or three chickens were knocked down in the yard, and ere long supper was ready. It consisted of chickens, bacon, hoe-cake, and buckwheat cakes. Our beverage was milk, which is used at all meals in Virginia, and coffee thickened with cream and sweetened by maple sugar.

Soon as it grew dark, my hostess took down a small candle-mould for three candles, hanging from the wall on a frame-work just in front of the fire-place, in company with a rifle, long strings of dried pumpkins, and other articles of household property. With this, she "run" her lights for the evening. On retiring, I was conducted to the room overhead, to which I ascended by stairs out of doors. My bed-fellow was the county sheriff, a young man of about my age; and as we lay together, a fine field was had for astronomical observations through the chinks of the logs. On my informing him that this was one of the first log dwellings in which I had ever spent a night, he regarded me with astonishment, and proceeded to enlighten me upon life in the backwoods, giving



the details I could scarcely credit, but which subsequent experience fully verified. The next morning, after rising, I was looking for the washing apparatus, when he tapped me on the shoulder as a signal to accompany him to a brook just back of the house, in whose pure, crystal waters we performed our morning ablutions, and wiped ourselves dry with a coarse towel.

After breakfast, through the persuasion of the sheriff, who appeared to have taken a sort of fancy to me, I agreed to go across the country by his house. He was on horse-back—I on foot. For six miles, our route lay through a pathless forest, on leaving which we passed through "the Court-House," the only village in the county, composed of about a dozen houses, mostly log, and a brick court-house. A mile beyond, my companion pointed to a small log structure as the place where he was initiated into the mysteries of reading and writing. It was what is called, in Virginia, "an old field school-house," an expression, originating in the circumstance that these buildings, in the older portions of the state, are erected upon worn-out lands. Soon after, we came to a Methodist encampment. The roads are here too rude to transport tents, hence the Methodists and Baptists, in this country, build log structures which stand from year to year, and afford much better shelter than tents. This encampment was formed of three continuous lines, each occupying a side of a square, and about one hundred and fifty feet in length. Each row was divided into six or eight cabins, with partitions between. The height of the rows on the inner side of the enclosed area, was about ten feet; on the outer about six, to which the roof sloped shed-like. The door of each cabin opened on the inner side of the area, and at the back was a log chimney, which came up even with the roof. At the upper extremity of the enclosure formed by these three lines of cabins, was a shed, say thirty by fifty feet, in which was a coarse pulpit and log seats; a few tall trees were standing in the area, and many stumps scattered here and there. The whole establishment was in the depth of a forest, and wild and rude as can well be imagined. Religious pride would demand a more elegant temple; but where could the humble more appropriately worship? We read that

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication."

In many of these sparsely-inhabited counties, there are no settled clergymen, and rarely do the people hear any other than the Methodist and Baptist preachers. Here is the itinerating system of Wesley exhibited in its full usefulness. The circuits usually are of three weeks duration, in which the clergymen preach about every day: so it rarely happens, in some neighborhoods, when they have public worship, that it is on the Sabbath. Most of these preachers are men of indefatigable energy, and often endure great privations.

After sketching the encampment, I came in a few minutes to the dwelling of the sheriff. Close by it, were about a dozen mountaineers, and several highland lassies, seated around a log corn-bin, twelve feet square, ten high, and open at the top, into which these neighbors of my companion were casting ears of corn, fast as they could husk them. Right merrily did they perform the task. The men were large and hardy,—the damsels plump and rosy, dressed in good, warm, homespun garments, which, instead of being hooked and eyed, were buttoned up behind. The sheriff informed me that he owned about two thousand acres of land around his dwelling, and that its whole value was about one thousand dollars, or fifty cents per acre! I entered his house, which was of logs, one story in height, about twenty feet square, and divided into two small rooms, without any windows or openings for them, and no place to let in light, except by a door in its front, and one in the rear. I soon partook of a meal, in which we had quite a variety of luxuries, among which was *bear's meat*. A blessing was asked at table by one of the neighbors. After supper, the bottle, as usual at corn-huskings, was circulated. The sheriff learning I was a Washingtonian, with the politeness of one of nature's gentlemen, refrained from urging me to participate. The men drank very moderately. Indeed, in my travels over nearly the whole of Virginia, I have seen far less intemperance than in my similar wanderings at the north. We all drew around the fire, the light of which was the only one we had. Hunting stories, and kindred topics, served to talk down the hours until bed-time. There were in the room two beds. One was occupied by a married couple the other by myself; but there were no curtains between.

On awaking in the morning, I saw two ladies cooking breakfast in my bed-room, and three gentlemen seated over the fire, watching that interesting operation.

Having completed my toilet, my host, from a spring hard by, dipped a pitcher and poured the water into my hands, for me to wash myself. After breakfast, I bade the sheriff farewell, buckled on my knapsack, and left. He was a generous, warm-hearted man, and on my offering a remuneration, he replied, "you are welcome; call again when this way."

In the course of two hours, I came to a cabin by the way-side. There being no gate, I sprang over the fence, entered the open door, and was received with a hearty welcome. It was a humble dwelling, the abode of poverty. There was a neatness in the arrangement of the few articles of furniture extremely pleasing. In a corner stood two beds, one hung with curtains, and both spread with coverlets of snowy white, forming a contrast to the dingy log walls, rude furniture, and rough boarded floor of this, the only room of the dwelling. Around a cheerful fire was seated an interesting family group. In one corner, on the hearth, sat the mother, who had given up her chair to me, smoking a pipe. Next to her was a little girl, in a little chair, holding a little kitten. In the opposite corner sat the father, a venerable old man of Herculean stature, robed in a hunting-shirt, and with a countenance as majestic and impressive as a Roman senator. In the centre of the group was a young maiden, about eighteen, modest and retiring, not beautiful, except in that moral beauty virtue gives. She was reading to them from a little book. She was the only one in the family who could read, and she could do so but imperfectly. In that book, which cost perhaps two shillings, was the whole secret of the neatness and happiness found in this lowly cot. That little book was the New Testament!

I conversed with the father. He was, he said, "a poor mountaineer, ignorant of the world." He was, it is true; but he had the independence of a man—the humility of a Christian. As I left the cottage, the snow-flakes were slowly falling, and I pursued my lonely way through the forest, with buoyant feelings, reflecting upon this beautiful exhibition of the religion of the meek and lowly One. How exquisite are these lines, as applied to a similar scene:

"Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide  
Devotion's every grace, except the heart.  
But happy we, in some cot far apart,  
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul."

#### LIFE IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.

In the foreground of the engraving illustrating the Home of the Planter, is a colored woman strutting across the yard with a tub of water on her head. Near her is a group of white and black miniature specimens of humanity, playing in great glee. In the middle ground is the mansion of the planter, pleasantly embowered in a grove of locusts. The mansion itself has the chimneys on the outside, a peculiar feature in the domestic architecture of the southern states. Under the shade of the porch sits the planter, with a pail of water by his side, from which, in warm weather, he is accustomed to take frequent draughts. At the door are a gentleman and lady, about making a social visit. On the right are the quarters of the blacks, where is seen the overseer, with some servants. In the distance is shown a river; the finest plantations being generally on the fertile banks of some calm, flowing stream. This completes the picture, which we trust will prove a familiar one to most of our readers.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to describe in detail the life of a planter, as it is incidentally illustrated in several places in this volume. The term planter, originally applied in this state to those who cultivated the tobacco-plant, is now an expression commonly used in reference to all agriculturists of the lowlands. This class forms the great bulk of the inhabitants, and from it have arisen most of the distinguished statesmen who have shed such lustre upon the name of Virginia. Settled, as this portion of the state was, by old English cavaliers, their descendants have many of the same traits of character. The introduction of slaves has given them the leisure to cultivate the elegancies of life, to mix much in social intercourse, and to become familiar with all current political topics. From this, too, has arisen much of the hospitality for which the planter is proverbial. Nowhere are the wishes and wants of the stranger guest more regarded, and nowhere is the character of a true gentleman held more sacred. The planter is also